

OBSERVATIONS
ON
HORSES,
HORSEMANSHIP,
AND
HUNTING.

Very Scarce

not in Schwendt

L195

03



To be presented
These Pages
Are humbly presented to the acceptance
Of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge
By "Senex," now entering his 66th Year —
who may in Character & appearance be considered
One of the Old School —

An Old Fox Hunter, still riding to Hounds;
an old FSA;
An Old County Magistrate for Middlesex;
And lastly an Old Soldier of Half a Century,
Reviewed by His Majesty George the Third
in Hyde Park in 1803 —
An Infantry man, he has not presumed to touch
on Military Equitation.

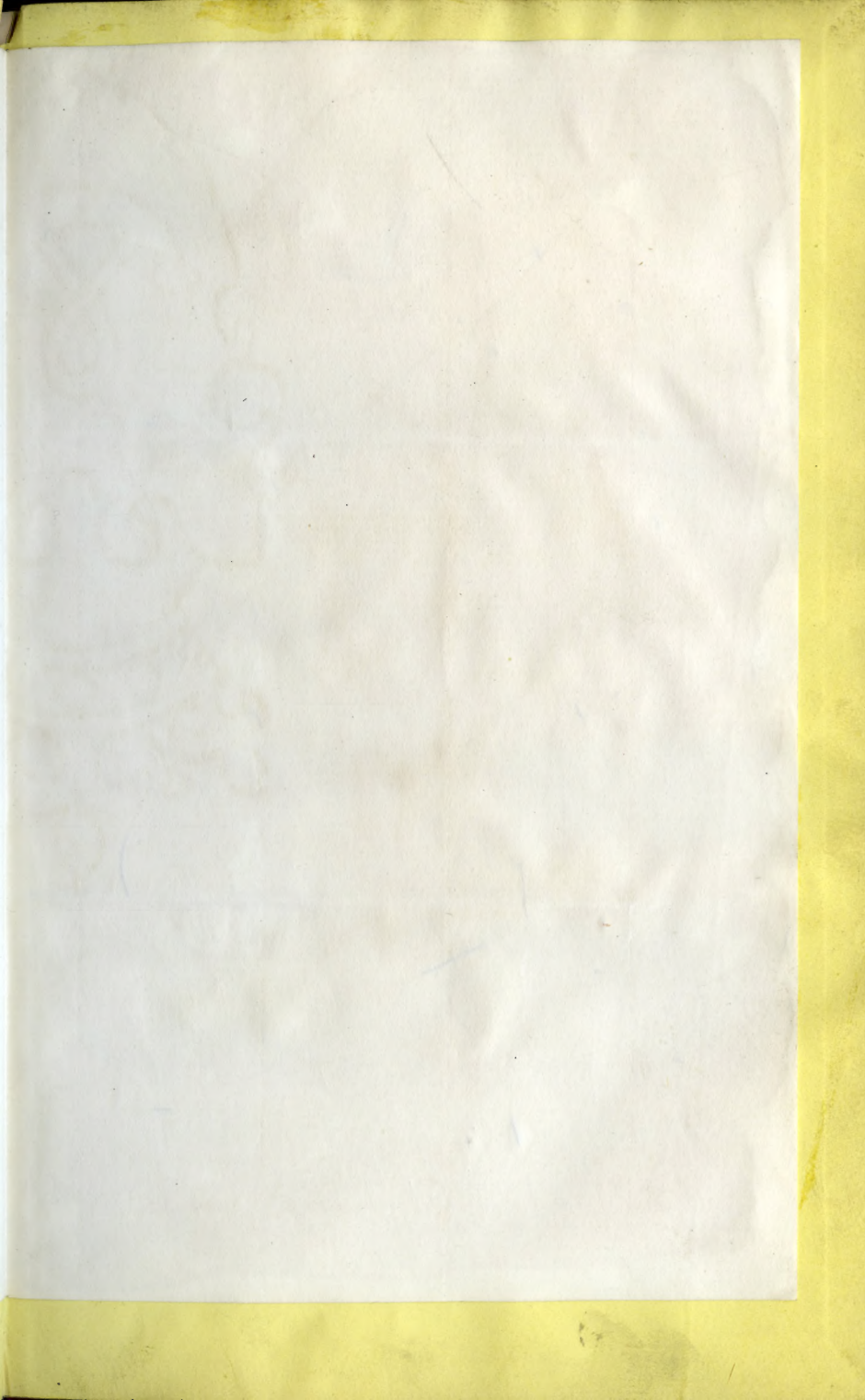
His military aspirations are not dead,
But he looks with admiration at the improved
Condition & comforts of the Army;
And looks with anticipation to the time
when His Royal Highness
will be called to be its chief —

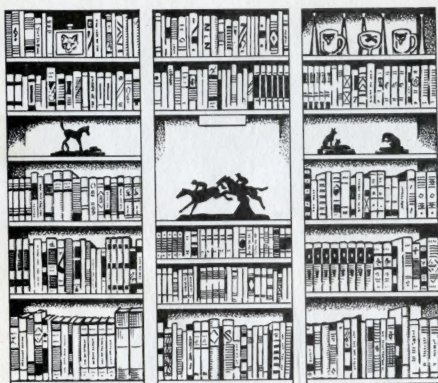
At present occupied in his business as Army Clothier
The Senior & acting Partner of Herbert & Co.
He has the honor to subscribe himself
His Royal Highness's
most obedient H^{ble} Serv^t.

Nath Gould

8 Pall Mall East Decr 1852







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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

W. C. 1887



Proof, corrected

OBSERVATIONS
ON
HORSES,
HORSEMANSHIP,
AND
HUNTING.

Nath. Gould
BY "SENEX."



BRIGHTON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY CURTIS AND CO., GAZETTE OFFICE.

1851.

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HORSEMANSHIP,

AND

HUNTING.

By
J. B. G. G. G.



LONDON :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GUTHRIE AND CO., GAZETTE OFFICE.

1851.

PREFACE.

"We have been favoured by a gentleman, for many years a visitor to this town during part of the year, with some observations on Hunting. Ill health having kept him out of the field this season, in the place of riding he last week threw into form his 'Observations,' as he could not throw himself into the saddle. These we have now the pleasure of laying before our readers, with the hope that they may possibly pick up a new idea—or improve upon an old one—and with the wish also that our old friend may not long be kept off the *pigskin*."

The above notice in the *Brighton Gazette* on the 14th of November last, gives so correctly the origin of this little work, that a farther preface or introduction seems unnecessary.

It would have been easy to have swelled it to the size of a modern Novel, by increasing common-place anecdotes, or by a visit to a Circulating Library, and there extracting from some twenty or thirty works of Zoology and Farriery, and the clever articles in *Bell's Life*; but as the writer affects not the character of a literary man, and expects not the profits of authorship, he has not considered it worth while materially to alter the chapters as they appeared during November and December in the *Gazette*.

SENEX.

PREFACE.

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SEVEN.

ON

HORSES, HORSEMANSHIP, & HUNTING.

CHAPTER I.

"Gaudet equis canibusque."—*Eton Grammar.*

"A Horse! a Horse! my Kingdom for a Horse."—*Shakspeare's Richard III.*

ON SELECTING AND PURCHASING A HORSE.

An old writer on the Horse says, "If we regard
"the spirit, vigor, and doing of a Horse, no nation, or
"soil, produceth a more active, than this our Island
"of Great Britain." Let us then at once set about
possessing one.

In selecting a Horse, so many matters of necessity, prudence, &c., are mixed up with the question of choice (price not being among the least), that much must be left to circumstances. It may, however, be set down that "*a good Horse cannot be of a bad*

colour;" but that it is by no means a sign of good taste to choose "odd coloured," "out of the way," fancy Horses, unless for a summer light fancy open carriage, to please a lady, or draw attention. Black horses for all gentlemen's work have lately been out of fashion, and chesnuts for riding, and greys for harness, rather in vogue. In my younger days, bay with black points was the prevailing colour, and I believe is the general colour of wild Horses; but they have decreased of late, as have the once favorite "brown muzzles." Both appear to have been displaced by various shades of chesnut and "yellow."

Yellow or dun-coloured Horses with a black stripe on the shoulder and running down the back to the tail, are now frequently seen; they were formerly considered peculiar to Norway, and a breed of Scottish Ponies which were called eel-backed duns. How this type has got into our large and well-bred Horses, I know not.

It may also be considered that the "right sort of horse," even if blemished by broken knees, or a fired hock, or curb, is to be preferred for use, comfort, and safety, under the saddle, to one of the "wrong sort," even though six years old and warranted sound,—that splints, even if rather large, may be no detriment to action or soundness; but that a spavin should be considered as a "*noli me tangere*,"—that thrushes may be cured by attention; and nine times out of ten, corns (which are deep seated bruises) eradicated; but that a bad shape, a straight heavy shoulder, a want of firmness in the fetlock, a want of loins, and a blundering gait, admit not of improvement — they are

* It cannot but be acknowledged that the prejudice against color continues very strong ; in America I found the following doggrel—

“Four white Legs and a white Nose,
Away with the Carrion, and throw him to the Crows.”

In spite of which, I am now riding an excellent Hunter (Chesnut) with the above objectionable marks. It is singular that 7/8ths of the winners of the Derby and Oaks have been bays.

great advantage for strength ; but I take it that they are generally considered so ugly that a gentleman would keep them only because they were good ones, and hence the observation.

The eyes must be well looked to ; and be not tempted to purchase a Horse with an inflamed eye (as if from some recent accident). Ten to one it conceals “moon blindness” or cataract, a source of constant annoyance till the sight of one or both eyes is gone. If one has become quite dark, the other may be of some service, having lost the sympathy by which it was affected from the inflamed eye. A “wall eye” is commonly said never to go blind. It may be so, but I would never buy one trusting to that ; the beauty of the head is, in my opinion, much spoiled by a wall eye.

I have as great an objection to a roarer as to an inflamed eye, although many a roarer has proved a good Horse, even in the hunting field. I have no faith in the positive condition as to soundness of any Horse that has suffered from inflammation of the breathing organs, leaving behind it chronic cough, wheezing, whistling, or roaring. I take it they are all somewhat analogous to pneumonia, bronchitis, and laryngitis in

the human frame ; and we know that those who have once suffered severely from those complaints are likely to suffer again, from causes which would otherwise pass off as common colds.

It is not a bad rule for one who changes his Horses frequently, not to give too high a price, and to avoid purchasing Horses with "specks or flaws" or singularities of appearance ; because when desirous of selling such Horses, dealers are not likely to give you within 25 or 50 per cent. of their cost to you. When a man finds a Horse that *will* suit him, and intends to keep him, the difference in the first cost is not worth consideration, if he can afford it ; remembering also how much length of acquaintance always brings a good Master and a good Horse to a coincidence of wish and action.

The last observation I shall make is, be not over-conceited with your own judgment in purchasing Horses. One point engrossing your attention, others are apt to be overlooked ; but a judicious friend or veterinary assistant is not likely to be influenced by any one point (or at least not by that particular one), and can therefore be better trusted to look to all.

In regard to auction sales at repositories—setting aside well known studs of Horses, or Horses belonging to hunting men of note, which always fetch full values, however blemished, and are purchased by those who know their qualities—of the chance Horses sent there unprotected, the dealers generally get the good ones at low prices ; and young gentlemen who trust to their own judgment generally get indifferent or bad ones at

high prices, "the trade" of course getting the turn, as is both natural and unavoidable.

Dealers not unfrequently, rather than let a gentleman, perhaps his own customer, get a Horse cheap, will bid against him to his full market value. In sending a common-place Horse to Tattersall's, for which you may have given from twenty-five to forty-five guineas, you must not expect to receive nett more than from fifteen to thirty.

After what I have said of "Odd Color'd" Horses, the following Anecdote may be amusing—

A friend of mine, who was last year High Sheriff of a Northern County, some years ago saw an old woman selling sand in his neighbourhood out of a rickety patched-up cart, in the shafts of which was a most miserable starved, ugly looking, dirty yellow-coloured colt. In a joke he said, "Well, my good woman, do you sell your tit?" "Yes," said she, "if I could do without him, but I get my living by drawing sand from the common, and can't part with him." "Why, he's good for nought!" "Well, he's a poor beast, and he has only the common to live upon, it's poor stuff, there's no soule in it, so beast is clam'd like; but I've no money to buy a better."—However, he at last bought this two-year old colt for fifty or sixty shillings, and had it turned out into his paddock forthwith. His good lady was much annoyed at the wretched half-starved animal, and said, "But, my dear, what do you mean to do with it?" "Sell it," said he, "when I get a customer." "Ah! then, Clement, we shall be bother'd with it long enough." "Let us hope not," said he, "I have fixed a price, and when I get it, he shall go; but not till then." "I hope it's a low one, my dear." "A Hundred Guineas," said the Sheriff, to the surprise of the lady. The colt was turned into good pasture, near the house, and continued to grow and improve on his good feed, and was observed by every body as they passed,—turning out a "cream coloured." After some years, a coper called and tried to purchase it, and laughed outright at my friend's price of a hundred guineas. They, however, parted in good humour, and a few days afterwards another dealer made his appearance, and was treated in the same way; but the conversation finished by his saying, "Well, if you won't take less, I must have it." The bargain being concluded, my friend asked him how the deuce he could buy such a creature at such a price. "Why," said he, "a dealer called on you last week and bargained, did not he?" "Yes," said my friend, "and I told him I did not sell for less than a hundred." "Well, I came on the same errand; the fact is that one of the Royal cream colours is dead, Parliament is about to be opened, and there is no time to make up the team from Hanover, and this was the only match in colour that we knew of, and he, and then I, have been sent to purchase it; it will do to go as one of the eight for the occasion, and there is an end of it."

This, however, is a chance that no one need now expect; steam, both by sea and land, has stopped it.

CHAPTER II.

As it will be the desire of thy Master to secure the best of Apparel, Fourniture, and Trappings, as behooves a gentleman of degree, so will it be thy duty to take care they be kept in all due course of cleanliness, repair, and suppleness, as becometh a true serving man.—*Treatise on the Horse.* Anon.

ON HORSE FURNITURE.

We will now proceed, supposing a Horse has been purchased, to the selection of its apparel and outfit for riding.

For all general purposes the common double bridle of snaffle and curb, is to be preferred. Some Horses carry their heads so properly up, and have such good mouths and obeying dispositions, that the plain snaffle is all that is ever required. Some others will resist a curb to such a degree, that a sharp-twisted snaffle, or even a "gag," in addition, may best suit them; but to ninety-nine Horses out of a hundred, the snaffle and curb is best suited. If your Horse requires a very strong purchase to the curb, have the lower arms well lengthened; this will give you a greatly increased leverage, without altering the fulcrum. Such bits Maberly, of Surrey memory, used to ride with;

and at his establishment, about thirty-two years since, I had some excellent hunting bridles and saddles made. Should you desire a still more violent power, have the port of your bit heightened, so as to work harder with the long lever against the bars of his mouth.

I have found the *segundo* bit very pleasant and useful for ladies riding, and occasionally use it myself. It may be called a curb and snaffle on one bit, having long arms and a port, with two reins. It will be found at Latchford's, in St. Martin's Lane, or any respectable saddler's in good trade.

Have your bridle of the best leather, broad as you please for strength, not of thick spongy material, but light and pliable.

For my own part I prefer one end of my snaffle rein without a buckle, or being sewed to the ring, but running through it, the end fitted with a steel stopper. It is useful to lead a horse by, or turn him over an awkward fence, such as heavy old gentlemen like myself may think it prudent to dismount at.

If your curb bit is as I have described, do not have the curb chain tightened up to the chin, but let it hang easy; this will give more play, and consequently more power on the port; and have the chin strap to keep it from getting over his mouth, or losing it when unhooked.

The throat strap should be rather strong, and though when worn very loose it rather shews off the Horse, take care that it is tight enough not to let the

bridle slip over the head, and strong enough not to break, should you be compelled to pull your Horse by the bridle, under any awkward circumstance.

A breast plate is necessary in a hilly country, and to a heavy man ; and it adds to the look of a hunting Horse. Take care that it is not buckled absolutely tight, or you stand a chance of bursting it.

Prefer a saddle rather large than otherwise. It is easier to the Horse, especially with a "heavy weight," by giving more bearing on the Horse's back, as a long keel gives a ship more bearing on the water for a heavy "dead weight" cargo. The shafto saddle, with stuffed flaps, rather long, is the best for all purposes. Be sure that it sits straight and even on the Horse's back, without getting on his withers.

Some years ago Goodman's patent saddle cloth, made with a plush face to keep the saddle from moving, was much in vogue ; but saddles are made to fit better, and they are "gone out." Take care that the rowel of your spur is not bent, and fast fixed, as you may probably give your Horse's flank a cruel scratch, on getting your foot fixed by a tree in a thick covert.

A spur is now made, the rowel of which appears only above, being fixed eccentrically, and is an improvement, in not readily catching and holding garments, nor getting bent in coming down-stairs.

Before concluding this chapter let me "hark back" awhile to the subject of the first "Purchasing a Horse." To shew the varied appreciation of horse

flesh I will mention that our very intelligent and successful agriculturist, Mr Rigden, of Hove, had a brown Horse (or Mare), four years since, which I thought about on a par with a favourite brown "rat tail" of my own; and I confess I almost envied him the possession of it. However, Mr Rickman, of Epsom, one of the heaviest riders with stag hounds in the kingdom, purchased it at seventy or eighty guineas. Poor Rickman died within two years, and his stud selling at 'Tattersall's, this Horse fetched two hundred and forty guineas; and I am told that it has since changed hands at four hundred! My own Horse, unfortunately, that same season, caught his hind legs in coming down over a strong wattled hedge, was pulled back, thrown down, and "chinked his spine,"—he became perfectly idiotic. I had him shot, and then was discovered the dislocation in the spine.



CHAPTER III.

“ He grew into his seat
 As he had been incorp’sd, and demi-natur’d
 With the brave beast.”—*Shakspear’s Hamlet.*
 “ Witching the world with deeds
 Of noble horsemanship.”—*Shakspear.*

ON ROAD AND PARK RIDING.

De Grey in his “Compleat Horseman, &c.,” published in 1680, says:—

“Sithence then—a Horse is a creature so generous, and therefore so much liked and beloved of all;
 “in my poor judgement it should suit very well with
 “every gentleman of worth, rank, and quality, to
 “endeavour to be master of such Horses, that shall be
 “truly handsome and comly, rightly bred, of good
 “colour, clean shape, well marked, and singularly
 “well ridden and made; and so he shall the better
 “advance his honour and reputation.

“Will not, I say, that gentleman be highly commended and have more eyes upon him as he
 “passeth along, than are commonly cast upon a
 “comet, or the sun eclipsed? Yea, undoubtedly.”

Perfect ease, freedom, a good seat, with absence from all fear are not easily acquired, unless an intimate acquaintance with the Horse and saddle has been accomplished early in life; so that at 14 a youth is eager to get the mastery of some beast who has already got the mastery of others, be it a Pony, Gallo-way, or full-sized Horse. It is true that the military, road, hunting, or jockey seat, is not thus acquired; but either or all, soon will be, when the lad is "at home" on his Horse, by imitation and the natural desire to "do the thing right."

I was with all my family at a very early age introduced to a Horse; and my own children, boy or girl, have been found in the mornings in "Rotten Row" from six years of age, when difference of sex, beyond the saddle, was barely discernible, but they always rode my own full-sized Horses. I have a little nephew, who, at seven years, and a remarkably small child, actually followed the fox hounds.

The fact of the possibility of such a child so doing might be doubted were it not known to most riding men in Cheshire and Lancashire. His manner of gathering up his reins was most singular, and his power of keeping his seat with his little legs *stretched horizontally* along the saddle quite surprising. Horses appeared never to resist his weakness, but to humour him in his manly display.

However I will throw out a few ideas on Horsemanship, and commence with Road and Park Riding.

In mounting, avoid the useful but formal cavalry mode of standing with your back to your Horse's head,

and grasping a handful of mane ; but whilst young and active, standing nearly facing your saddle, and inserting the left foot in the stirrup, rise by a spring from your right toe, guiding and balancing yourself till you turn your leg over, by one hand on the neck of your Horse, the other on the cantle of your saddle. To a man sixteen stone, and sixty-five years of age, I would say, "Mount as you best can."

At all events, take care that neither in putting your foot in the stirrup nor in rising, do you touch your Horse's side with your toe.

Before you mount, always cast an eye over your Horse and his furniture; and especially for hunting, look to the curb; the girths that they be tight; your saddle well placed; and your stirrup leathers in the proper holes.

Being mounted, do not turn your hand straight upwards, and pin your elbows at the exact angle, nor sit bolt upright with your legs nearly straight, in the cavalry or school style; neither in what De Grey may intend by "a mathematical ground of true horsemanship," like "*a pair of compasses across a telescope.*" But carry your hand with your knuckles nearly straight across your Horse; your elbows at your ease; sit rather back on your saddle, bringing your feet a little forward, your knees bent, carrying your thighs towards the stuffing of the flap of the saddle; and your heels pressed a little down, which will lower the calves so as to give a natural kind of hold on your Horse. Nothing but absence of fear, and being accustomed to horseback, will give the peculiar "degagé" air of an English gentleman. That seat which is peculiar to

our aristocracy and riding men—and not known elsewhere.

Always keep a “look out a-head” of your Horse, as a sailor might say. For though it is not necessary to carry your head straight, and your eyes between your Horse’s ears, it is necessary that you see before you approach them all obstacles, annoyances, loose stones, holes, or bad ground.

The power which a bold, and even only a moderately skilful, rider has over a high couraged Horse, when they understand each other, is almost surprising, whether in the battle or the hunting field, the race course, or the road.

When, in the year 1815, Blucher arrived in London and drove at once to Carlton House, I was one of a few out of an immense concourse of Horsemen who accompanied his carriage from Shooter’s Hill, riding on each side—spite of all obstacles we forced ourselves through the Horse Guard Gate and the troop of Guardsmen; in like manner through the Light Cavalry and gate at Carlton House as well as the posse of constables in the Court Yard, and drove our Horses up the flight of stone steps into the Salon, though the Guards, Beefeaters, and Constables arrayed themselves against this irruption of Cossacks, and actually came to the charge. The Prince, however, in the noblest manner, waved his hand; and we were allowed to form a cordon round the Regent, whilst the Veteran Blucher, on his knees, had the blue ribbon placed on his shoulders, and was assisted to rise by the Prince, in the most generous, bland, and dignified manner.

His Royal Highness then slightly acknowledged our presence; we backed to the door, and got down the steps again with only one accident, that arising from a Horse which on being urged forward, took a leap down the whole flight and brought his shoulder against one of the columns.

“ROTTEN ROW,”

or “the Ride” in Hyde Park, being the great riding school of the metropolis, requires a little notice. This ride is occupied by various parties and classes of all ages and sexes, from the lovely twin infants of a Duchess, on their double paniered donkey, to the retired octogenarian Admiral or General, during the London season, from seven o’clock in the morning. The first set of horsemen are valetudinarians taking their “constitutional,” by medical advice before breakfast; to many of whom a Horse is a new acquaintance, and a saddle a new seat. At eight the ride becomes sprinkled with the lovely children and elegant young ladies of our aristocracy, taking their lessons with papas, brothers, or grooms. It now becomes par excellence the “school for grown gentlemen.” A numerous corps of leading counsel, hard-worked barristers and solicitors of eminence, encreased by a few M.P.’s seeking fresh air after a night spent under Dr. Reid’s ventilator, some bankers, city merchants, and retired officers; these congregate from half-past eight to ten, and are generally acquainted with each other. Here the matters of the last night’s debate, the probable appointment to some vacant office, some striking point in Common Pleas or Chancery, and general politics are discussed. Just as this party is retiring, down come the “Big Wigs” of the law, on

their way to Westminster; now may be seen perchance a Lord Chancellor, a Lord Chief Justice or Chief Baron, two or three Judges and an Attorney or Solicitor General, some attended by their elegant daughters. Many of these can hardly be expected to have studied the seat on the pigskin so much as their probable seat on the Woolsack; we will not therefore criticise their equitation. Suffice it to say, as in *Blue Beard*, "a troop of horsemen this way bends." Just before this time in the morning, that is at half-past nine, during several seasons before the last, England's hope, the scions of Royalty, have been generally seen in an open carriage; and not unfrequently Her Majesty on horseback, attended by Prince Albert and suite, honour Rotten Row with their presence.

Of the assemblage of fashion, elegance, fine women, fine horses, and good riders of both sexes that grace this ride from four to seven p.m., it would be vain to attempt a description. I have counted about eight hundred, from Hyde Park Corner, including the knot at the music. Such an assemblage can be found only in Rotten Row, of all the world; and must be seen to be credited.

May not Rotten Row be a corruption of the Gaelic or old British "*Rath en Rè*," or the Royal Road, seeing that it leads to a Royal residence? I have heard that such a street still survives at Glasgow, and it seems not less unlikely than that "*Wrynose*" on the lakes should be a corruption of the Gaelic "*Rè nos*," or the King of Night, from the early and deep shade this mountain throws over the valley—or that the "*Old Man*" of Coniston should be a similar corruption

from the Gaelic "Alt Maen," or high stone. This was clearly demonstrated by Dr. Whiteacre at the late Congress of the British Archæological Association in Lancashire.

We have throughout the South Coast, and far inland, the word Coomb or Combe for valley, which is the "Cwm" of the Welsh, ancient Briton and Gaelic—as is "Moorcombe" in Lancashire the "Mawr Cwm," or Great Valley.

Good Farming is a sad enemy to Archæology, of which we have evidence even at Brighton; in this neighbourhood (at Blatchington), our friend Rigden has recently quite obliterated the "Soldiers Graves," and given the "go by" to the Circle of Conglomerate or Pudding Stones at Goldstone (or probably God Stone) bottom, which may have been the remains of some religious structure of the ancient Britons, Celts, or Druids.



CHAPTER IV.

If his keeper or rider be harsh, furious, cholerick, and passionate; the Horse will be put beside his patience, stare, and see boggarts in his keeper's face; become rebellious, fall to striking, biting, and other vices, to the often endangering as well of the life and limbs of his keeper, as of his rider and others.—*Advice to Horsemen.* 1680.

ON FAULTS AND VICES, AND THEIR CURE.


Accustom your Horse to your appearance and voice. A piece of bread, or of carrot, and a pull of his ears, when you go up to him in the stable, will greatly assist in this,—speaking to him and coaxing him at the same time. Gentleness and patience are the grand means of correcting the tempers and actions of Horses. Punishment, when given, should be given at the moment it is deserved, for how can a Horse otherwise know for what he is corrected? Alarm is thus engendered, and confidence between man and Horse weakened.

In riding to a trot, keep your knees from seesawing on the saddle-flaps, and your calves from the Horse's sides. Rise with your Horse, and not before him; and in so doing keep as close as you

can to the saddle. One sometimes sees a man riding twelve miles an hour, whilst his Horse is going seven. In changing from a walk to a trot, ease your Horse's head, press him with your legs gently, and click to him. Before the introduction of omnibuses and railways, trotting Horses were much in vogue. The principal merchants, bankers, and monied men of the City and their sons, used to make a grand show mornings and evenings in the City Road, on the finest Horses in the kingdom, frequently vying with each other in a "Long Trot," such trots as are now confined to butchers' boys, and the flash carts of Brighton tradesmen, greatly to the annoyance and danger of ladies and infirm visitors. Trotting is still the fashion in the United States of America, and the British Colonies. The pace accomplished by the trotting Horses of those countries in their matches of several heats of three or four miles each is astonishing.

Although by no means one of the most remarkable for speed, the following is a recent performance:—

"12th December, 1850.

"*Sporting*.—Jackson, the American Deer, beat the Horse June Bug in a race at St. Louis, and won 200 dollars. There were 1000 spectators, and much money changed hands on bets. The Horse was to trot two miles, less 400 yards, whilst Jackson went one mile. The two first heats were won by Jackson; time, 4.53 and 5.02. Jackson winning the last heat after a hard brush; time, 5.21. The Horse went in harness and was driven by his owner." 

"28th Oct., 1851.

* "THE TURF.—CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.—
 "A trotting match for 2,000 dollars, twenty miles, horses to
 "go as their owners chose, came off on Friday afternoon,
 "between Grey Eagle of the West and Lady Clay. The grey
 "won easily, beating the mare two miles in the race. Lady
 "Clay went very badly the whole distance, and never at any
 "part of the race did she trot square, or with her usual spirit
 "and speed. Her owner made a sad mistake in starting her
 "under the saddle, when he was well aware that in harness
 "was her place. He saw his error when it was too late.
 "Charles Brooks rode the mare the first nine miles of the race,
 "but becoming fatigued, Harry Jones took his place, and
 "struggled through nine more, at which time Grey Eagle had
 "performed the twenty miles. He was driven by Isaac Wood-
 "ruff in excellent style, and with good judgment. Neither of
 "the horses appeared distressed after the race; and had the
 "mare gone in harness, the same way that the horse did, there
 "is no doubt but that one or both of them would have gone
 "the twenty miles within an hour. Previous to the start, the
 "mare was the favorite at ten to eight; a great deal of money
 "was depending on the result."

The following is a table of the time:—

<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Mile. Time.</i>	<i>Total Time.</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Mile. Time.</i>	<i>Total Time.</i>
1st....	3:11	3:11	11th....	3:12	34:19
2d....	3:18	6:29	12th....	3:30	37:49
3d....	3:19	9:38	13th....	3:32	41:21
4th....	3:04	12:42	14th....	3:28	44:49
5th....	3:03	15:45	15th....	3:33	48:22
6th....	3:03	18:48	16th....	3:29	51:51
7th....	3:00	21:48	17th....	4:07	55:58
8th....	3:06	24:54	18th....	4:35	60:33
9th....	3:05½	27:59½	19th....	4:35	65:08
10th....	3:08½	31:07	20th....	4:38	69:40

American Racing Trotters have been declared to have got over twenty miles within the hour; it is remarkable that the quality of trotting improves to an age long after our Galloping Racers have lost their speed.

The "Sporting Slang" of the Yankees is very "racy," and far superior to ours in its figurative style, and is highly amusing when new.

The first of these is the fact that the
population of the country has increased
very rapidly since the year 1800. This
increase has been the result of a number
of causes, the most important of which
are the following: First, the discovery
of gold in California, which has attracted
thousands of people to that country.
Second, the discovery of gold in
Australia, which has attracted thousands
of people to that country. Third, the
discovery of gold in New Zealand, which
has attracted thousands of people to that
country. Fourth, the discovery of gold
in the United States, which has attracted
thousands of people to that country.
Fifth, the discovery of gold in the
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thousands of people to that country.
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From a walk to a canter bear on the left-hand rein and press with the same leg, and then gently chuck the bridle.

A Horse should be taught to canter with the right or off leg foremost. For a lady's horse this is indispensable. He ought also to be taught to change his leading leg, though this is seldom attended to in common horsebreaking, and it requires practice to acquire the knack of teaching him.

Avoid loose stones on hard roads, such as where fresh stones have been laid without picking the old surface; it is perhaps the most dangerous of all riding, particularly on a declivity.

In riding a journey on the road, start at a foot pace, till the muscle and joints of your Horse have got warm and pliable. Change his pace by occasionally walking and cantering, the latter where an edging of turf or a common or green offers such an opportunity. But walk him, if possible, the last mile and a half, to bring him in *dry* and ready to eat a meal. If you have ridden him fast, and brought him in hot and tired, give him some gruel or "*white water*," mixing a good handful (or even two) of oatmeal in a pail of water *slightly warmed*, stirring the meal well up.

If he has *warbles* (small swellings) on his back from the saddle, have them washed, and kept moistened for a time with vinegar and water: should they get worse, use tincture of iodine.

If he is downright fatigued without fever, give him a *quart of strong malt liquor*, or even a little spirit of some sort in it. I have seen a pint of whiskey poured down a Horse's throat in America.

Have the pannel and inside of your saddle well dried before you put it on your Horse again.

If your Horse trips, which is frequently not a fault, but the self-correction of one, do not hit him, but speak gently to him. If he blunders from sluggishness, tighten your reins, close your legs, and give him a touch of spur or lash, to freshen him up. If the rider is nervous and fearful of trips, though his Horse never comes down, it is better to part company than have the pleasure of that delightful exercise destroyed. The blundering of a Horse frequently arises from a naturally defective organization; it is infinitely worse than fancied tripping, therefore put such a Horse into harness, where he has weight behind to keep up his heavy forehand, and a pole or shafts to hug, but do not ride him.

If a Horse shies, see that there is no defective vision, as is often the case when "moon blindness" is coming on. When you find him getting fidgety, and preparing for a shy (frequently out of play), collect your reins, speak to him to call his attention to you, from the object; and then gently turn his head across the road, away from the object, but if possible in such a manner as that he may not think you have done it in consequence of his pricking or laying his ears. Make him think of *you*, and not of his original intention. As a rule, if possible avoid fighting with or bullying your

Horse for shying, or endeavouring to turn round with you or down a road or lane you are not intending to go.

If he be a new Horse to you, take him at first quite different rides to those he has been accustomed to; and make him well acquainted with the roads to your own house and stable from your places of resort. Let your Horse learn to *obey your will*, as quietly as possible. Perhaps he may very soon forget his propensities and his old roads and stable; but if it should, after all, be found necessary to master him, and you are *over fifty, and a married man*, with sundry "responsibilities," employ a rough rider or active courageous youth to "whack him" out of his conceit—or, part with him.

In case of actual danger with a shying Horse in a narrow, confined, or broken-up road, by some carriage meeting you rapidly and on a sudden, keep your Horse's head towards the object by aid of hand and heel. This may make him rush past it; or, as Cumming says of his bull elephants, "*Make a charge*," and you may get through safe. But should you let him get his head around away from the object, and the difficulties of the ground on the near side prevent his bolting with you, then his hind quarters and your knee and foot are in danger from the carriage wheels.

As to "running away," it is rather an awful affair, if the Horse has "taken the bit in his mouth" and got his head straight. All I can say is, "*Keep your seat*;" the chance of bringing him up by some sudden and violent exertion on your part, or relenting on his, may

end the danger. But *never throw yourself off*; as by so doing *you throw away all your chance* of escaping a dangerous accident. I am now speaking of road or park riding. But in hunting the thing is different: you may let him run, taking good care of your seat, and now and then pulling suddenly and with vigour either bridle or both. Perhaps when the Hounds come to a check, your Horse will bring up too; or some impassable hedge in his front may cause him to stop. I have found a very sharp-twisted snaffle, with a gag on the cheek, most useful and available with such a Horse; and I have heard Sir Francis B. Head declare that no Horse could possibly run away with him with such a purchase.

If a Horse rears, and that only slightly, sit coolly and speak gently to him. Perhaps it was only a little show off; and after a few days, finding you do not humour him in it, nor punish him for it, he will discontinue it. But should he rear high, lean well forward, give him his head, holding a rein in each hand; and when on coming down he has nearly touched the ground, give him your spur up to the rowel, and the ground ash or straight whip with some force; seat yourself firmly, and prepare for the worst, which will probably be a plunge, testing your Horsemanship. Be cautious not to touch him as he rises, lest in his passion he rises so high as to fall over, in which case his rider would be in no desirable position. Before it comes to that, I would advise you, if possible, to get off him, and get rid of him. If a Horse on sale is touchy about his head and ears, and rises in his stall, examine his head well, and you will most likely find that his head is sore between the ears from being

knocked about for this vice, and therefore sent to the dealer or repository. This has happened to myself. Have nothing to do with him: a foolish, self-sufficient groom has spoiled him by bullying.

One often hears talk of riders slipping off the saddle of a rearing Horse, pulling him over on his back, and then keeping him down by sitting on his head and punishing him well. All this is, however, much sooner said than done, and would require an Astley, Ducrow, Franconi, or Batty; indeed, I question whether any one ever saw it done.


If a Horse kicks when brought to be mounted, have his saddle and bridle well looked to; see that there is nothing under the saddle—none of the saddle-cloth doubled, the girths in order, the bridle his own, and the curb-chain as usual. If, when mounted, he continues kicking, fix yourself firm in the saddle, *leaning well back*, your heels well down, and feet a little forward, unless you “*ride home*,” keeping his head up as high and firmly as you can. I have found a severe twisted snaffle the best for such a Horse, as well as a runaway.

A plunging Horse is a nasty beast; and only a young man with pluck and coolness should undertake to ride one. I once had a most vicious beast and perpetual plunger; but by custom, and being young, bold, and active, I learned to sit him as easily as if he were cantering. Now, in my sixty-^{fifth}~~fourth~~ year, I would give him away, or have him shot, rather than once mount such a brute.

CHAPTER V.

Your stable ought not to have any unsavory gutter, channell, or sewer near it. The windores with handsome shuts and casement, as well to keep out cold and wind, as to let in the cool and fresh air.—*De Grey*.

OF THE MYSTERIES OF THE STABLE—OF BANDAGING,
CLOTHING, SINGEING, CLIPPING, FEEDING, FATTEN-
ING AND GETTING INTO CONDITION.

I shall not pretend to say more than that I strongly recommend light, air, and cleanliness. The first to keep Horses from learning to shy ; the second to keep them from coughs, and inflammations of the lungs ; the third from various species of opthalmia or eye diseases arising from ammonia, which in a hot dirty stable is sure to affect our own eyes on entering, as well as roomy stalls to prevent strains, when Horses are turned round before being sufficiently backed, a frequent cause of wrenches or strains. 

Of the purely professional part of blistering, bleeding, firing, and turning out, I shall say less, having for nearly thirty-five years been a subscriber to the Veterinary College. This I know, however, that tincture of iodine is a grand disperser of glandular and other obstinate swellings; and that for blows, bruises, sprains, tears, or cuts, there is nothing better than very hot and long continued fomentations of hot water with sponge or flannel, whether for man or beast; in fact, hot fomentations and cold bandages are the simplest and most useful of all surgical applications for common cases. And that firing (that cruel operation) may be most advantageously performed under chloroform; saving the poor beast a world of suffering, and allowing the operator to perform his work with comparative ease and greater efficiency. At the Zoological Gardens, the leg of a tiger has been amputated, and the eyes of two bears couched for cataract, under the influence of this spirit.

I will just mention that in India, when Horses are required to be rapidly got into hard-working condition, they have occasionally "sheep's head broth"

* Among the greatest annoyances in a stable, where the groom is not very attentive both to cleanliness and ventilation, is the pungent odour of ammonia, which frequently makes the eyes water on entering, and may be supposed to have some detrimental effect on the eyes or lungs of cattle. To remove this, many attempts have been made, by means of chemical affinities and absorption. Liebig and Solly, both recommend fresh burnt charcoal, or sawdust, placed in the stable, and moistened with diluted sulphuric acid.

It may be added, that charcoal or sawdust thus become most excellent manures.

thirty years. As an instance of the style 150 years ago, I will give the following from De Grey :—

“The ‘Wild fire’ is a disease most dangerous and difficult to cure, but by a receipt of powder, which is not fit to be applied to any living creature but a Horse only, it is so terrible.

“Take of living toads four, the greatest and blackest can be found; living moles and ants, three; of old shoe soles, six; and heads of garlic unpilled, and with their beards and roots remaining on them, forty; then take of the leanest and saltiest Martlemas beef three pounds, cut it into thin and small pieces and slices; such Martlemas beef, I mean, which hath longest hanged in the smoak; take also of oats, eight pints; of old woollen rags, the coarser the better, two pounds; take also of swallows dung a good quantity, and four or five living swallows: put all these things into an earthen pot, new and well nailed, and let it be big enough to hold all the ingredients; and put also those living creatures among them alive; and then make a cake of clay, and therewith lute up the pot close, as that neither smoak nor air can either get in or out. Having so done, carry your pot into some orchard or other close or backside, from housing or straw, and there place it; and so make a great fire round about it and upon it, and so keep the fire upon the pot till it be as red hot as the fire coals themselves, and let the fire continue so great after the pot is red hot by the space of half an hour at the least; then let the fire remain untouched, until it be all consumed to ashes; so when the pot is

“through cold, open it and take forth the stuff, and
 “put it into a great mortar where no wind can come,
 “being covered with a cloth that the powder may not
 “fly away; then pound and stamp all these things into
 “fine powder, adding slack lime, one pound. Let him
 “that stampeth be close muffled, his eyes covered with
 “a glass case, and when it is thoroughly powdered
 “searse the powder through a hair cloth, and so keep
 “in some clean glass or gally pot. This powder
 “killeth all ‘wild fires’ whatsoever, and all running
 “sorrances and ulcers, provided it be applied to fleshy
 “parts, and not to places where veins or sinnews be,
 “for it will burn them asunder. A better thing than
 “this, truly I know not.”


To Cure Blindness.—R: excrem : hum :—“Put it
 “in a fire pan, and so burn it, and until it come to a
 “cole; then beat it into fine powder, and put that into
 “a goose quill, and blow the same into his eye twice a
 “day, and this will clear his eye again.”

To Cure Disease of the Lungs.—“Take a snake
 “and cut off its head and tail and flea it; and after
 “cut the same into pieces the length of your finger,
 “and rost it as you would an eele upon a spit, but do
 “not bast it with any thing, for it will bast itself.
 “Reserve carefully the oil that drippeth from it, and
 “herewith annoint the breast and the four short ribs of
 “the Horse, which be against the lungs; and thus
 “doing often for sometime you shall recover his lungs
 “again and make him perfectly sound.”

Again, *To cure the wind of a Horse—*“Take a
 “hedgehog alive, and bake in the oven in an earthen

“pot; make him into a fine powder, and give one
 “spoonful in a quart of good ale every other day, and
 “this will infinitely help and preserve his wind.”

Here we have as fine a specimen of mediæval medicine, as we have in our Puseyite Churches of mediæval writing, in which the Commandments, Lord's Prayer, and Creed, being intended as medicines for the soul, are now forsooth painted by some Pugenite house decorator in words and letters about as understandable as De Grey's receipts. For my own part I think that medicines, whether for the body or the soul, are the better for being simple. I like a plainly written label on a bottle, that I may know whether I am taking a purgative for the clearing of the body, or a poisonous lotion intended to cure a scald head. Where there is mystery, there is ignorance or knavery; and where there is one or other, there is danger.

I remember, about forty-five years ago, a highly esteemed farrier and cow leech in Hertfordshire, ramming a red herring down the throat of a cow of my father's that was desperately ill; the cow certainly recovered, was fattened, and killed for family use, as she went dry. When dead, and I was present when she was killed and opened, a long rough splintery piece of oak, which she had licked from a new fence, was found sticking through her liver, the parts all round the wood being cicatrized and perfectly callous. It must, however, be clear that there was no connection between the illness, the remedy, and the recovery; but the administering such a remedy, so recently, shews the backward state of veterinary science. 

CHAPTER VI.

"Some Horses our nobility and gentry have now a-days though not for the menage but for hunting; but what manner of hunting? Fox hunting forsooth, or harriers which be as fleet as petty grey hounds wherewith they do so much overstrain the strength of their poor Horses, forcing them over deep fallows, tough clays, and wet and rough land; that albeit those Horses be strong and able, yet are they so toiled out therewith, as that when they come home, they would pity the heart of him who loveth a Horse, to see them so bemired, bloody, spurred, lamentably spent, tired out, whereas had such Horses been ridden to the great saddle and cannon, they would have infinitely delighted all men who should have beheld them."

"In vain malignant Steams, and Winter Fogs

"Load the dull Air. The Huntsman, ever gay

"Robust and bold, defies the noxious vapour."—*Sommerville.*

ON FOX HUNTING.

As we cannot agree with Thomas De Grey, Esq., in his admiration of the great saddle and cannon, so neither can we acknowledge his hard judgment against Fox Hunting; therefore, here we go "Yoicks!" "Tally-ho!" to a chapter on Fox Hunting—that sport which is "par excellence" the sport of Englishmen; leaving whale hunting, elephant hunting, tiger hunting, boar hunting, stag hunting, hare hunting, otter hunting, and all other hunting in the rear. Before going farther I am induced to condense some beautiful lines from Cowper.

* It may be worth recording that Von Liebig, the great Physiological Botanist, recommends the use of Salt in the manger. He states that two sets of Horses for experiment sake were fed, one with salt, the other without—after a time, a remarkable difference was perceptible in their coats, skins, and spirits, in favour of the salt fed, which kept free from sicknesses to which the others had become occasionally subject, and that the proof was stronger the longer it was continued.

But if the British youth must have the chase;
 Fall on the nightly robber of the fold;
 Let all the thunder of the chase pursue,
 Throw the broad ditch behind you, o'er the hedge
 High bound resistless; and on the lawn
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
 And see the villain siezed, and diving hard

* As you approach the spot, you may exclaim with
 Sommerville—

"My Courser hears their voice: see there! with ears
 "And tail erect; neighing, he paws the ground:
 "Fierce rapture kindles in his redning eyes
 "And boils in every vein."

But that was a bounce."

If you ride your Hunting Horse to the meet; when he is brought out, see that every thing is in proper order, saddle, girths, breast plate, and bridle. Pat the old Horse, and if you please, give him a slice of bread, or an apple, or piece of carrot. It is astonishing how this little kindness is appreciated by the generous animal.

Ride him coolly as possible to covert; no "larking" allowed; no "putting your Horse up"—but it may be different, if you ride a hack; you may then be inclined to go a good pace, and cut off angles, by galloping across a farm, &c.

Let your stirrups be rather shorter than for park riding in trowsers,—or you may prefer riding still shorter, by riding "home," i.e., with your foot thrust through your stirrup, and bearing heavily both against it, and on it. This was the seat in my youth, but is little used now.

Your seat should be rather back on your saddle,


thus allowing more play with your hands and the bridle. * On reaching the meet, dismount and relieve yourself, and whistle to induce your Horse to do likewise, and then tighten his girths. I prefer riding with the snaffle in hand, having the curb bridle lying on his neck, knotted; so as easily to catch it when required.

When you near the Master of the Hounds, or "Squire" as he is frequently designated, if you are riding by suffrance only, it is usual to acknowledge his position in a slight, yet gentlemanly manner.

When the Hounds are thrown into covert, if it is not extensive, keep on the outside, behind where the Hounds entered, being careful not to shew yourself at either of the other sides, lest on a challenge, and the Fox being desirous of breaking covert, seeing you he goes back, and is either thrown at once among the Hounds or becomes a sneaking "varmint." At any time when outside the covert and the Hounds drawing, place yourself out of sight from the covert fence, and keep from talking.

Should the Fox break near you; when he has passed the first hedge, give one good holloa! to bring the Huntsman with his Hounds; tell him what you have seen, and then away "forward," taking especial care not to ride in the trail of the Fox, for fear of injuring the Hounds coming up, but ride some 50 or 100 yards abreast of them, but not before the Huntsman.

In crossing grounds closely and lately drained, sit

rather back on your saddle with a very pliable hand, giving easy way to every motion of your Horse's head, who must have his own way to quarter or cover the broken ground; and that you may be in a good position, should he unfortunately get his legs into one of the drains. If you are "dandyfying" and imitating a jockey seat, both you and your Horse will probably have a somersault. In like manner in crossing highly and closely-ridged, old-fashioned, ploughed lands, a succession of old ruts, or very rough mole or ant-hilled commons, you must keep the "centre of gravity" backward, for the same reason. 

When you have grass meadows, good fallows or fair downs, then your hunting or jockey seat will be of service and be as useful as it is elegant. Your knee a little forward and strongly embracing the saddle, your foot well pressed down in the stirrup, the toe lowest, your body gently forward, elbows firm, hands strong on your Horse, keeping his head well supported.

In leaping common small fences, take them flying; but to a leap of magnitude, teach your Horse to land on the bank, seeing thus, whilst in action, what he has to do to clear the other side; teach him in fact to go "coolly to work;" never "ram" or "drive" your Horse at such a leap, nor at a gate, or a timber, or any thing high and unyielding, lest he miscalculate his distance in his speed, and thus run against it with his breast on rising, or rising too soon come upon it with his knees, and thereby give you a dangerous *purl*.

Be cautious also in taking a leap not to check your Horse suddenly, either in rising or in his leap;

though you support his head your arms must be pliant ; and to get safely through or over, throw yourself well back, keeping a good support on your Horse's head. In all cases of supposed or of possible danger, I have always found (or fancied I have found) security in throwing myself well back, with a firm hold and heavy hand on the bridle.

Of wall leaping I have had no experience ; but I am told universally by those that have, that after

* In wet soft countries, in riding furrows, choose the wettest, where the water lies, as there the ground is likely to be the firmest.

general good, and your Horse pretty well, after a little practice and experience.

In riding at water the rule should be altered, not only because many Horses are disposed to balk at water, but because the violent impulse given by driving the Horse rapidly at it, lengthens greatly the space he covers. I have been carried by a mare, I bred myself, over 24ft. 2 inches. In a drop leap, as your Horse comes down, lift up his head well, and you will find it greatly ease your own coming down. At water, be early in your leap, before the banks at rising and coming down, are broken and dangerous. At a gate or firm fence, you may be no worse for waiting ; and it is allowable to an old gentleman or heavy weight thus to look a-head.

“ At a brook never wait, if you mean to take it,
Tho' you may at a gate,—because some one may break it.”

Hill riding, I mean in an extremely lofty hill country, it is not for sixteen stone to say much about ;

but I recommend any one wishing to take lessons and see what can be done, to ride with the Brookside Harriers, and follow (if he can) Mr Beard, of Rottingdean, Mr Monk, or sweet-toned Saxby that hunts them, over the down country between Lewes and Rottingdean, he will see how nearly man and horse can approach the running of a fly up and down a pane of glass. After all, every hunting man will make his own seat; and advice to beginners may be thus summed up. Body upright, shoulders square, elbows close, hands low down, knees tight to the saddle flaps, and heels down; and at leaps the body thrown well back.

In referring to Brighton, I cannot but express my extreme surprise that the numerous visitors, who spend their winter at this bright place, for the sake of exercise, especially of horseback on the Downs, have never yet supported, or assisted in the support of a pack of fox hounds. The various railroads from Brighton would admit of getting to fixtures in every direction, and the clubs of Brighton offer easy modes of commencing subscriptions. The town itself is liberal enough (though it could not do less) in keeping up the harriers, but a pack of fox hounds should be mainly supported by the visitors. And sure am I that was a good pack so established, from 100 to 200 Horses would be kept in the town during the season, more than are kept at present.

As opportunities offer, when hounds are at fault, or it is "Who! oop!", get off your Horse, if for ever so short a time: it is a great relief to him. Look also to your saddle and girths, perhaps one or both may be

the better for a little altering. Be careful when with the hounds in which you have no interest, not to make a "hullabaloo"; not to be too forward in place or language; nor to ride over or among the hounds; and by no means to speak to or punish them; to pay a slight but proper deference to the Gentlemen of the Hunt; and to have regard to the feelings of farmers by abstaining from riding over turnips, mangold wurzel and clover or "seeds"—these most especially—in fact, doing any injury that can be avoided, as in many countries such damage (or fancied damage) has to be paid for by the Master, and in some is a cause of great disgust to farmers.

Should you by good luck be the first or one of the first "at the death," be not elated to boisterousness, and "run a muck" like a Malay, as you exert yourself to seize the brush; but rather be modest and do not throw yourself off your Horse, if any of the Hunt are at hand. It is really ridiculous to see how some men, perhaps "no riders," when this luck happens to them, even though they belong to the Hunt, "charge" those who have more right to it, but are working modestly, push them aside with violence, and almost throw themselves among the hounds, as jealous of this badge as the Pope of the spirituality of Great Britain.

Take your Horse home gently, and when home have his legs and his feet carefully looked after, for fear of thorns or stubs having hurt him. As for the rest, all must depend on your "Master of the Horse;" and you are lucky if you have one with more knowledge and work, than conceit and idleness.

Farmers are sometimes apt to complain of the injury they receive from a Pack of Foxhounds being kept within reach. I believe that in general there is very little injury done, and a great deal of positive good arising. Were we to calculate the number of Horses kept in the kingdom for Fox Hunting, and the amount of money circulated in the neighbourhood of each Pack, and more particularly the large consumption of Hay, Straw, and Oats, mostly procured from the Farmers of the locality at the *highest prices*, we doubt not the balance would be much in favor of the Farming interest. Let us take the following from the "Yorkshire Gazette."

THE FOXHUNTER AND FARMER.—In Yorkshire there are ten packs of foxhounds, one pack of staghounds, and five or six harriers, equal in all to thirteen or fourteen packs of foxhounds. Thirteen packs of foxhounds, of 50 couples each, or 1,300 hounds, consume annually 200 tons of oatmeal, at a cost of £2,600, besides the carcasses of 2,000 dead horses, worth nothing if no hounds were kept. There are at least 1,000 hunting men in Yorkshire, keeping on an average four horses each; 4,000 will cost them £200,000, at £50 each, and their keep £50 per annum each, making £200,000 more; 4,000 horses employ 2,000 men as grooms (generally the offspring of the agricultural population,) and consume annually 40,000 quarters of oats, 2,000 quarters of beans, and 8,000 tons of hay and grass. Every tradesman is also benefitted by hunting—tailors, shoemakers, saddlers, blacksmiths, druggists, veterinary surgeons, &c. If foxhunting were given up, where would the farmer find a market for the above produce, or for a well bred horse of four or five years old? Foxes are the farmers' best friends, and they ought to use every exertion to preserve them, and prevent them being stolen to be sent where masters of hounds are unsportmanlike

Foxes are in many of the unhunted parts of England almost annihilated either by gun and trap of the keeper, or the wire of the poacher. It is commonly said in highly preserved shooting countries that, "the pheasants have eat the foxes"—they get scarce every where. It is of frequent occurrence, on killing a fox, to find the remains of a wire on his neck or leg, sometimes cut through to the bone and cicatrized; or a pad short, or the fair proportions of his brush curtailed in escaping from a trap. The numbers in the Highlands of Scotland, within the memory of man, have been astonishing. In 1814, before the Moors had become valuable for letting to southern sportsmen, I was staying with a most intelligent persevering worthy fellow—Gillespie, of Ardoch, near Fort Augustus; he was the pioneer of the system of Sheep Farming in the Highlands, and told me that when he first commenced his operations in 1784, foxes and martens were so numerous and destructive, that he lost two hundred sheep the first year; and paid fourpence a head for these vermin, and so continued to pay, till he had paid for 800 foxes!



CHAPTER VII.

Regardless of the wife that weeps
 At home for him, the Huntsman keeps
 Abroad, though cold and tempest drear
 If his staunch Hounds have tracked the Deer.

Horace Sewel's translation.

ON HUNTING ACCIDENTS.

Of the "moving accidents by flood and field" to
 which Fox Hunting is obnoxious,

"Quæque ipse miserrime vidi
 Et quorum pars magna fui,"

I shall not now say much. The number which prove to be severe or serious, compared with the number of "*Purls*" which take place, and the still greater number that appear evident, are astonishingly few. I acknowledge that a little more sympathy might be shewn to a fallen friend than we generally find. However the spirit raised by the excitement of the sport is not lost

when an accident occurs ; the man is no sooner on the ground than he is on his legs again, and, if his Horse has not bolted, after the Hounds, a couple of miles from the spot before he feels the numbness of a bruise or a broken rib. Fortunately for our broken bones, a skilful surgeon now-a-days mends our limbs with as much simplicity and almost as much certainty as a carpenter repairs the arms and legs of broken chairs and tables. I fear that I could give a somewhat curious list of cures exemplified in my own person.

Probably the greatest risk of accidents will be found in opening or riding through gates ; some Horses *will* rush through an opening however narrow ; and others in a run cannot be got to stand quiet whilst you attempt to lift them or are willing to breast them coolly. The most untoward part of a Hunting accident is the possibility of its happening far from the means of assistance, and in a locality difficult to be removed from. Should there be any supposition of a broken limb, be most careful not to put it to the test, by raising the sufferer on his legs ; because by so doing you not only cause great and unnecessary pain, but probably turn a simple fracture easily reduced, into a compound fracture difficult of cure. He should be lifted and carried in an horizontal position, and hot fomentations applied till a professional man arrives ; perhaps it may be all that is required beyond a little plaister strapping.

From the above quotation, it would appear that even in the profligate, debauched, and dissolute age in which Horace wrote, there were wives who felt as English wives in these better days feel, when their good men far exceed their usual time of returning,

after having early gone forth "to Hunt the Deer with hound and horn"—love almost naturally anticipating danger.

A friend of mine, about thirty years ago, whom I met in the field just previous to my marriage, said, "So you are about to be married, and will probably give up Hunting; but, if you do not, let me recommend and urge on you the propriety of always getting home, no matter what your distance be, or what the importunity of friends. As a married man, I know the unhappiness which absence on such occasions creates; and I make a point of getting home with all speed by posting, if the distance is too far for my own Horses." I believe the advice to be good, and therefore introduce the subject, though railways now enable a man to go from 50 to 100 miles to and from Hunting within the day.



CHAPTER VIII.

"Omnium Gatherum," a kind of pie for Saturday's dinner, made by some Mistresses of families, and especially by Housekeepers to Schools in Yorkshire and Cumberland; and is at once a practical exemplification of "*saving knowledge*" and "Political Economy."

It contains among other ingredients known only to the London Pie and Sausage Makers, the "orts and ends" with the "bits" left on the boys' plates during the preceding six days; and thus makes a "finish" to the week's account of the Larder and the Kitchen.—"*Glossary of Uncommon Words*, 1800."

ON HUNTING "TOGGERY"—HUNTING ANECDOTES, &c.

Of the Hunting "toggerly" of the outward man I need not say much. Since the system of "cheap and nasty" became the fashion in male attire—I will hardly say the "dress of gentlemen"—you may patronise the Jew Moses, who will be found a "Jeu de mots" in the Minories, and a "Jeu d'esprit" in Sussex Place; the Sheriff Nicol, who does *suite* and service to the corporation and other patrons who honor him with their custom, in a gilded carriage, and reads with the greatest satisfaction his name in every public conveyance in the metropolis; or go still lower than White-chapel, or higher than Regent Street, you may now

Hunt in a "paletot," a "pea jacket," a "cut away," a "sack coat," or a "wrap rascal." The material of which it is manufactured may be "German merino," or "shoddy," or "Devil's dung." The cloth as shaggy and rough as a dyed Lincolnshire sheep skin, as bad as a Marylebone Poor House "pepper and salt," or as fine as an old-fashioned "west of England super." The "pink" may vary from a brick-dust to a crimson; and any other colour is equally admissible. Knee tights or Cossack trowsers; boots top'd, or Life Guard, or Smithfield constable, or high shoes and gambadoes,—in fact any thing may now pass; indeed, I know only one that would be laughed at, viz., old fashioned tight deep yellow leather pantaloons and Hessian boots with large tassels and pointed toes.

I will, however, venture to recommend one or two items: that the heels of your boots or shoes for hunting be made longer than usual—I mean to come farther towards the middle of your sole. It gives you a firmer and easier stay. Whenever a Hunt has a distinguishing uniform, whether a collar or a button, it is desirable on many accounts that those who belong to it should regularly ride with it.

By the look of some of the railway uniforms, comparing them with what they were a few years ago, we may suppose that the "cheap and nasty" has become *the* fashion with the Boards of Directors.

We are glad that neither our own nor the South-Eastern have adopted this style. However, let men clothe themselves as they may, a gentleman will still be known from a gent! by his dress as well as his address.

Occasionally one meets with odd replies and singular ideas with hounds. I once said to a gentleman with whom I was acquainted, and who occasionally joined the hounds with which I rode, "A large field this?" "Yes!" said the Londoner, looking round him, "there are a good many acres in it." A gentleman, somewhat full of himself, who rides every autumn with the Brookside Harriers, said to Saxby, "By G——d, Saxby, I'd give ten guineas to holloa like you." "Come," replied Saxby, "down with the guineas, and d——d if I don't make you holloa," as he raised his whip. Another Londoner, when Mr Harrison or some one was capping, and held the glove to him, turning towards him said, "Thank you, Sir, it's not mine, I have not lost a glove!" An affected fellow who occasionally rode with the stag hounds, on riding with a pack of harriers, when poor puss was killed and the glove was presented to him, pulled out a pot of currant jelly and offered to put it in the glove, saying, "Now you have got your hare I suppose you'll want some jelly."

Fine words sometimes have curious consequences, as for example—*Provender* my horse well," said a conceited fellow to the ostler at Peach's, that formerly well-known and highly-esteemed commercial inn, the "Tontine" at Sheffield. "I am going to my friend Reid till Monday; provender him well I say, and I'll give you half a crown." "Aye! aye! that I will," replied the honest Yorkshireman, with a pull at his forelock and a scrape at his foot; and then going to one of the bagsmen, asked him what the gentleman meant him to do by provendering his horse well. "Why," said the traveller, "You see its Saturday,

and he thinks you have plenty of time by Monday to provender his horse's tail." "Oh aye, now I know; to provender a horse then is to cut his tail, pull his mane, and so on. Yes, sure," was the funny fellow's rejoinder. Accordingly on Monday morning the young beau found his horse "*transmogrified*" and himself "*flabbergasted*!"

Honest Peach once ventured to speak at a public meeting, and a noble lord most foolishly endeavoured to put him down by saying, "Pray were you not once boots?" "Aye, aye, sure enough I was—and its well your lordship was not, or you had been boots still!" was the well deserved reply.

I once wrote to Jos. Bignell (of the Hunting Stables at Croydon) to send to me at the Brighton Station my mare, antigropellos and spurs. Jos. read the note and called to his son, "Att., Att., Mr — wants his mare, what the d——l does he call ^{her} antigrollepos. Yes, by God it is ~~antigropellos~~ ^{antigrollepos}; well, I'm d——d if it aint a shame to call God Almighty's creatures such infernal names, that it is. Look here," said he to a gentleman putting on his pink, "Mr — calls his mare antigrollepos! D——n if it aint too bad—a good mare too she is—there aint a better in the stable." The gentleman in pink, after a hearty laugh, explained to the old boy that antigrollepos was antigropellos, and meant his gambado leggings.

"Well," said old Jos., as the groom said to the Marchioness, "Yes, my Lady, I saw it, and knew the thing well enough by sight, but I never knew its proper name before."

I would wish to hint to *absent* gentlemen who may hire Horses to examine their beasts, and remark a broken knee, a fired hock, a wall eye, white stockings, rat tail, ragged hips, and especially its colour—lest he be like a relative of mine, who was about to make a solitary tour of the Lakes. He hired a horse at Kendal, and went his day's journey delighted with the scenery, his mind alternating between the mountains and lakes, and the cotton market and factory prices. He passed his night delightfully, ordering a good feed for his fatigued beast. At the same small hostel were other lakeists and a commercial traveller. In the morning he ordered his Horse early, mounted and off he went on his way rejoicing. At even whilst enjoying perchance a mountain mutton chop, attended by Mary of Buttermere, or some other celebrated "Lady of the Lake!" his ears were annoyed by a confused din, and presently an irruption of constables and peasantry into his room. He was seized for a highwayman and for having stolen a bagsman's Horse, with some two or three hundred pounds in bills and bank notes! It was in vain protesting, the proof was positive, the bagsman's Horse was in the stable, and out of the double flaps of the saddle were drawn two small leather cases with the money; and moreover in the yard stood the unfortunate Kendal Tit, none the better for its day's work—in sailor's language, "a stern chase being always a long chase." However, the whole thing was settled without my friend being carried off to Lancaster Castle; but at what cost I do not recollect.

It is not my intention to advertise "Riding Lessons to Ladies." This I leave for the sufficiently

numerous Masters in Brighton, Cheltenham, or London; but give this hint: that as Ladies' Horses are ridden very irregularly, they are apt to be "skittish" from want of work. It is therefore very desirable that they be saddled some time (even an hour) before the Lady mounts, that the saddle may be warm and settled to the back. It is, indeed, a better way to have them ridden for a short time, before brought to the door. This I believe to be invariably the case when Her Majesty takes Horse exercise.



CHAPTER IX.

“ Why in such haste, say whither is he going ?
But a short journey ; to his own undoing.”

Anonymous.

ON STEEPLE CHASING, RACING, &c.

Of “ Steeple Chasing” and Flat Racing I shall say very little, though both seem to be greatly on the increase. The first is, doubtless, a most dangerous amusement, which, however, like the bull fights of Spain, seems to give a peculiarly fearful but highly pleasing excitement to the lookers on. In this, as in other Horse exertions, it frequently happens that a Horse, “ no beauty to look at,” will be wonderful in its performances. A gentleman bought a Horse in this town (Brighton) last year (I think) for forty pounds, as a *hack* ; and rode it as such. A friend who kept Race Horses, asked him if he knew of a Horse fit for the

purpose? "No," said he, "but I have a hack I bought the other day: he is fast; look at him." "I'll give him a gallop," said the other. He was pleased with him, got him into condition, and won four steeple chases soon after!

"*Racing*" is to me a mystery on which I am "dark," and, as is said of many other things, "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*," I approach, then, the subject of "book keeping," "betting," "securing," "tipping," and all "Running Rein" affairs with becoming awe. Had I the power, I should fear to exercise it, in lifting the veil from the temples of iniquity connected with Horse Racing, although a sport in itself manly, noble, and useful, and well worthy of all—and more than all—the royal patronage it has so long enjoyed.

My acquaintance with racing began in 1800 or 1801, the famous race between Diamond and Hambletonian at Newmarket, being at that time at the Grammar School at Bury St. Edmunds. I was standing at the winning post, and saw the men dart forward to measure the coming-in stride. Hambletonian was sadly punished with the spur. From that period, now 49 years, I believe I have only *four* times missed the "Derby Day." The last race I saw was the finish of Doncaster St. Leger in September last, after a dead heat. As to the real interest I take in the sport or science, beyond the simple pleasure, it may be judged of, when I say that I never won or lost five pounds on a race or at a meeting.

Long may we have such honourable and noble patrons of the sport as the noble Dukes of Richmond

and Bedford, the late Lord George Bentinck, Lords Stanley, Exeter, Eglinton, Zetland, March, Sir J. Hawley, Tatton Sykes, and others ; and may they *continue* to elevate its character as much as they already have done, by unflinchingly exposing the tricks, and bringing to punishment the parties found debasing the sport and demoralising the public feeling.

Next to the demoralising effects of the "beer-shop" system of Lord Brougham, there is nothing worse for the morals of the population, and withering to their future prospects, than the "betting" and "sweepstake" establishments of the metropolis, more especially in this time of "early closing," in which apprentices, clerks, and superior mechanics, are liberated from the counter, the warehouse, and the desk, without family association to resort to. Peculation, till robbing, money raising, and all sorts of "Piccadillys," as Mrs Ramsbottom called them, are perpetrated to carry on the odds, which odds are sure in the end to go against them, managed as the generality of these places are by rogues, knaves, swindlers, and bill stealers. What may it be asked are our Metropolitan Magistrates about in permitting this moral pestilence ?*

Before concluding, I could wish that my remarks in a previous chapter, against forward riding and injuring rising crops, were better attended to by the

* Whilst this is printing we are happy to see by the *Times* of this morning (15th April) that the Middlesex Magistrates have set their faces decidedly against renewing licenses to parties who keep betting lists or allow gambling in their houses. In a preceding journal there was a case of a servant robbing his master to indulge in his gambling propensities, and it was mentioned on the Bench that one of the Magistrates had suffered by a servant in a similar way for a similar purpose.

visitors of Brighton, who honour the Brighton and Brookside Harriers with their company. When a hare gets into gorse, or "Woodendean" enclosures, she is absolutely mobbed to death; and if some of these gents observe her departure they ride before the hounds; and, still worse, cross over to head the hare, regardless of wheat, seeds, or turnips, as if a forward position, no matter how acquired, was a feather in their cap, instead of a cockney mistake.

This hint, it is hoped, may be serviceable to more readers than those at Brighton.

And I take this opportunity of expressing my admiration of Mr. Davis, who hunts the Queen's Stag Hounds, for his elegant seat and quiet gentlemanly behaviour in the field,—of Mr. Saxby, for his good-tempered, hearty countenance, his cheering voice, good hill riding, and command of his hounds,—and of Tom Hill, the veteran Huntsman of the Surrey Hounds, who, for perfect knowledge of his country, tact in making a cast, and perseverance in killing his fox, is not surpassed, and I doubt if equalled in the kingdom,—qualities which seem to run in the blood of the Hills.

Now, in the words of De Grey, "if any man "shall say that I have robbed or rifled other men's "labours," I answer, "I have not robbed but approved "them, for by the same rule I may object, that who- "soever worketh by my book robbeth me."

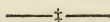
The foregoing observations are given as the result of a tolerably long life always accustomed to Horses,

though never a "first-rate" or a "crack" or a "knowing one" or a "fast man," but merely a man fond of the Horse and of the country, and of the pleasure from the union of both, and still a subscriber to hounds, and an "old mannish" sort of rider with them—his Horse carrying 64 years and 17 stone on his back. And now farewell to all fellows fond of a "brush" with the fox hounds. May they have

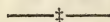
"Spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
That their pulses beat seconds as true as a clock."



THE TURF.



[From the Brighton Gazette of December 12, 1850.]



We extract the following from a clever paper on "Turf Speculators and Peculators" in the *Weekly News*, by Voltigeur:—

"It has been estimated that there are in England
 "140 trainers, 100 regular race-courses, and 160
 "jockeys, riding all weights from 8st. 7lb. down to 4st.
 "Nearly 2,000 thorough-bred Horses are in training,
 "and about the same number of stakes are contested
 "in the course of the season. The stakes, with all
 "their deductions, are estimated to amount annually to
 "£208,000, without taking any note of the value of
 "vases, cups, and challenge whips. Added to this,
 "there are about 80 blood stallions of repute as racing
 "sires, or retired racers, and perhaps 1,000 racing
 "brood mares, of whose produce, from 800 to 850
 "colts and fillies, of which neither sex has any very
 "decided preponderance, are annually registered in

“the ‘STUD BOOK.’ These calculations do not
 “include the statistics of the Irish Turf, or steeple-
 “chase events.

“Men of all characters, and men of no character
 “at all, may now be numbered among the votaries of
 “the Turf. Speculation is carried on by many reckless
 “and unprincipled individuals, who, should they not
 “be successful, do not possess either the means or the
 “inclination to discharge their liabilities. By these
 “the unwary Turfite is mercilessly fleeced, and there
 “are, unfortunately, no means of redress.

“It has been argued, by the unlearned in such
 “matters, that bets are recoverable by law. The 8th
 “and 9th Victoria, c. 109, s. 18, states, however, that
 “all contracts or agreements, whether by parol or in
 “writing, by way of gaming or wagering, shall be null
 “and void ; and no suit shall be brought and maintained
 “in any court of law or equity, for the recovering of
 “any sum of money, or valuable thing, alleged to
 “have been won upon any wager, or which shall be
 “deposited in the hands of any person, to abide the
 “event on which any wager shall have been made.

“It is said that, under the Act commonly called
 “Lord George Bentinck’s Act, speculations on the
 “turf were made recoverable in a court of justice.
 “This, however, is not the case. Until the Act
 “alluded to was passed, wagers above a certain
 “amount were declared to be illegal by Statute ;
 “now, however, the illegality no longer exists, and,
 “therefore, betting on a race may now be practised
 “to any extent, without any penalty being incurred.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRIGHTON GAZETTE.

SIR,—Although, as “Senex,” I have “finished my course” in your *Gazette*, as all old men must ere long—I have a few “last words”—and as all our great actors and actresses have had their “last nights” often repeated, and as at the Brighton Theatre I remember seeing Romeo Coates encored to die twice, I trust I shall stand excused for this resurrection in your columns. It is intended to shew Masters of Hounds how they ought to economise, and “reform their tailors’ bills,” as Mr Doudney, of Lombard Street, advises; and I give them for example the cost of King Edward the First’s fox hounds in the year 1300, as taken from authentic documents, and made public and translated by three A.S.S.’s—I beg pardon, they are now called F.S.A.’s., and of which antiquated and most learned body I have the honor to be an “odd fellow.” Without further preface, then, I proceed:

CHARGE OF HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD'S PACK OF FOX HOUNDS AS
 RENDERED BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPTROLLER OF THE WARDROBE, A.D.
 1299-1300.

	£	s.	d.
Will'o de Foxhunte venatori Regis vulper' venanti in diversis forestis et parcis ad vulpes, pro vodiis suis, et durom garcionum custod' canes Regis vulper', a 20 die Novembr' anno presenti 28, incipiente usque 19 diem ejusdem mensis anno revoluto, per 366 dies, quia annus bissex- tillis, cuilibet per diem 2d		9	03
Eidem pro putura 12 canum Regis vulper' per idem tempus, pro quolibet per diem ob		9	03
Eidem pro expens' unius equi portantis rethia sua, a 20 die Novembr' anno presenti 28 incipiente usque ultimum diem Aprilis, utroque com- putato, per 163 dies, per diem 3d.	2	00	9
Eidem pro expens' ejusdem equi portantis rethia modo predicto, a primo die Septemr' quo die inceptit seisona ad venand' ad vulpes post seisonam mortuam anni presentis usque 19 diem Novembr' anno pre- sente finiente, utroque computato per 80 dies, per diem 3d.		1	00
Will'mo de Blatherwyk venatori Regis ad vulpes pro calciamentis biema- libus anni presentis pro se et garcionibus suis quilibet eorum, 2s. 4d... ..		0	07
Eidem pro roba sua totius anni presentis		0	13 4
Eidem pro robis duorum garcionum suorum pro quolibet 10s.		1	00
Henrico de Blakeburn, eunti per preceptum Regis pro quodam lepor ar' gruar' adopus Regis querend' pro expensis suis cundo, morando, et redeundo, et pro putura ejusdem lepore' veniendo ad Regem, per manus proprias apud Berewycum, 28 die Decembris		1	04
	£24	11	1

Thus translated.

	£	s.	d.
Paid to William de Foxhunte, the king's huntsman of foxes in divers forests and parks, for his own wages and the wages of his two boys, to take care of the dogs, from Nov. 20 to the 19th of November following; for 366 days, being leap year; to each per day two pence.		9	3 0
Paid to the same for the keep of 12 fox dogs belonging to the king for the same time, each dog per day a half-penny		9	3 0
Paid to the same, the expense of a horse to carry the nets, from November 20th to the last day of April, 163 days, at three pence per day.		2	0 9
Paid to the same, the expense of the horse from Sept. 1st, on which day the hunting season began, after the dead season, to the 19th November, 80 days, three pence per day.		1	0 0
Paid to Willm. de Blatherwyke, huntsman of the king's fox hounds, for winter shoes for himself and his two boys, to each of them 2s. 4d....		0	7 0
Paid to the same for his habit during the present year		0	13 4
Paid to the same for habits for his two boys 10s. each.		1	0 0
	£23	7	1

With the exception of the last item in the Latin account, it appears that the entire expense of His Majesty King Edward the 1st's Pack of Foxhounds, in the year 1300, cost £23 7s. 1d.


Supposing the value of money to have increased fifteen times, and we consequently multiply this sum by 15—it will amount to £350 6s. 3d. of our money, for the Royal huntsman, two whips, twelve hounds, and one horse. This is certainly not the mode of carrying on the concern in the present day.

We now “go a little faster,” and the music of twelve dogs with our huntsman and whips cheering them on, on foot, would not suit. “Mortua seisona” are words that merit attention—the dead season—May, June, July and August being so considered—with a mere fox hunter this is true; but in these days they constitute “the season” in London “par excellence.”

Besides these twelve dogs, there are no others mentioned, except the hare greyhound “leporar’ graur” in the last Latin item. The allowance for fetching this greyhound by the King’s order and the keeping it was £1 4s. As for the origin or derivation of the term greyhound I shall not attempt to give it: it is a disputed matter.

P.S.—It may be here seen how names originate or change; William Blatherwick is called also William de Foxhunte from his office,—and thus have the Butlers, the Cooks, the Smiths, the Ferriers, Hostlers, &c., &c., originated.

As to the present cost of a pack of Fox Hounds, it varies so much that it would be ridiculous to give any average estimate. It varies from five hundred to above some thousand pounds according to the country, the parties subscribing, the number of days in the week that the hounds go out, the number and style of horses, whips, &c. kept for the service. Of the four packs kept between Brighton and London, viz., the South Down, the Horsham and Crawley, Surrey Union, and Old Surrey, it is generally considered that the first has been kept up at within the extraordinary low charge of six hundred pounds, the second about seven or eight hundred, the third at about one thousand, and the last at somewhere near three thousand. There is of course a somewhat corresponding difference in the kennels and stables. Of the grander establishments of the packs in the Midland Counties I shall merely say

that they fill up the void between three thousand and the highest costs. 

When the low expenses of the Southdown Pack is considered, and that they hunt within reach of Brighton, and that there is still difficulty in keeping them up, I am compelled to retract my opinion as expressed in a former Chapter, that a good Pack of Fox Hounds would be well supported at Brighton, and can only regret that in a place so highly patronized by men of wealth, who reside there during the winter greatly for the sake of horse exercise—there should be such a marked stinginess in their expenditure in this one particular, and to express my hope that by the time I again visit the town, I may find a better disposition to uphold the noble and truly English amusement of Fox Hunting.

I am almost sorry to re-publish the following from a most respectable Journal:—

SOUTH-DOWN FOX HOUNDS.

For the last three seasons, these Hounds have been regularly hunted twice a week, under the able mastership of Freeman Thomas, Esq., of Ratton; but the funds being in arrear, a meeting was held on Tuesday at the Star Inn, Lewes, "for the purpose of ascertaining whether sufficient money could be raised to carry on the South-Down Fox Hounds, and for any other matter relating to their management which might be necessary." H. M. Curteis, Esq., M. P., presided; and amongst those present were F. Thomas, Esq., (the Master of the Hunt), A. Donovan, Esq.,—Ingram, Esq.,—Shepperd, Esq., W. Blaber, Esq. (Brighton), T. Ellman, Esq., Messrs. C. Beard, J. Saxby, Langridge (Firle), N. Kenward, Mannington, Poole, Boss (Brighton), &c., &c. It appeared from the statements made by the Master of the Hunt, that the subscriptions for the years 1848-9 were £595, expenses £441; for 1849-50, subscriptions £450 10s., expenses £535 3s. 2½d.; for 1850-1, subscriptions £431 5s., expenses £531 9s. 5½d. leaving on the whole, a deficiency of £30 17s. 8d. The excess over the first year was owing to the taxes, and the Master being compelled to have a man regularly with the hounds. Great regret was expressed for the loss of the late Mr. Streetfield, who was a great supporter of the Hunt, and owing to whose lamentable death the present serious deficiency in the funds would be increased. It was also a matter of regret that, by the advice of his medical attendant, Mr. Barchard had withdrawn from the field. Still it was hoped that he would aid the funds by his subscriptions. The Master stated that he should feel great regret at being compelled, for want of funds, to relinquish the Hunt, after three years' management, and when the Hounds were just in good trim. It had been hinted in some quarters that the Hounds might be kept on a more economical scale; but he referred to several packs of hounds which required more money to support them, as a proof that such was not the case. Mr. Thomas read a letter which he had received from Lord Gage, and in which his lordship signified his intention of becoming a subscriber for £25, and giving the free use of his covers to the gentlemen of the hunt. Mr. Thomas Ellman expressed his conviction that a pack of fox hounds was highly beneficial to the neighbourhood; and asserted as a fact, that oats, hay, &c., fetched a better price in the vicinity of a pack of hounds than in other places. If the gentry supported the farmers, the farmers would support the hunt, and render every facility to the sport. The desirability of an occasional meet in the vicinity of Brighton was discussed, but nothing definite was arrived at, Mr. Thomas stating that two or three foxes had been seen the other side of the river, but he could not answer that a meet might not prove a blank. The question of the number of meets was also considered, and the desirability of a change of covers was hinted at. Mr. Thomas stated that the funds would not admit of a greater number of meets; and also that the country was about to undergo a change, and instead of hunting Hellingly so often, the Plashet covers would be drawn. The Plashet covers, however, would be of no use unless the Horsted covers were preserved; and a hope was expressed that Mr. Barchard would order them to be preserved. The Chairman, in the course of the meeting, trusted that the farmers would exert themselves, as it was too much to expect that himself, Mr. Thomas, and one or two other gentlemen could bear the chief brunt of the expenses. This was the last time an appeal would be made, and if it proved an unsuccessful one, the hounds would be given up. A suggestion thrown out by the Chairman as to forming a committee of Brighton gentlemen, and a committee composed of gentlemen from other parts, to collect subscriptions, was, we believe, acted upon. The amount of subscriptions raised was upwards of £500; and Mr. Thomas, under the circumstances, consented to carry on the mastership for another year, stating that with something like £530 they would be enabled to hunt twice a week.

“the gallant band of chasseurs on miserable tired
“jades, that would scarcely fetch five pounds each in
“Smithfield. What think ye of this ye paltry gallop-
“ping Englishmen, who have nothing to boast of but
“pink coats; and whose return from the dangers of a
“fox hunt are not welcomed by the voices of a city’s
“population in return to the roarings of the four and
“twenty French horns. Adieu!”

And adieu say I also.

SENEX.



That all the other persons who are named in the
 above certificate and who have been named in the
 above certificate as being in the service of the
 Government shall be given the same treatment as
 the persons who are named in the above certificate
 as being in the service of the Government and who
 have been named in the above certificate as being
 in the service of the Government.

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